Numb 167.

The Female Tatler.

Written by a Society of Ladies.

Non propter vitam faciunt Patrimonia quidam
Sed vitio cæci propiter Patrimonia vivunt. Juvenal.

From **Friday** March 17, to **Monday** March 20, 1710.

Lucinda's Day.

From my CLOSET.

Nature is Contented with little, is Philoſophy for Swines; if they can't meet with Cheſtnuts, Acorns, Peas, or what they like, they'll eat Guts and Garbage, Grains, Green Leaves, or any thing they can get; a Belly full is a Bully full. I would not Ridicule nor diſprove the Validity of ſo Ancient a ſaying, but I could wiſh that thoſe that interpreting it with all the Rigour it is capable of, would recommend it to us in this World, were to take up with the Dreſs, Diet and Habitations of the Golden Age, and look for the Innocence of it where they could find it? Whoever delights and is ſatisfied with Savage and Unpoliſh'd Nature, without wiſhing or endeavouring to partake of the Improvements, which Art and Induſtry have made upon her, is ſo far Happy, that he may have his Wants almoſt as ſoon ſupplied as the Beaſts of the Field; but withal, has no great Reaſon to Brag of a Fancy much exalted above 'em; and therefore in Order to Enjoy the World, thoſe that are not Born to large Eſtates are not to be Diſcommended for devoting a conſiderable part of their Time to the Slaviſh Drudgery of acquiring what is only able to purchaſe the Delicacies of it: Nay, I would not blame even thoſe, that already poſſeſs'd of the Comforts of Life, dare likewiſe aſpire to the more Elegant Conveniencies of it, and ſpare no reaſonable Pains to obtain 'em. But he, that ſpends his whole Life in the Fatigue of ſcraping Wealth together, without endeavouring to Enjoy it, and with his Eſtate only encreaſing the Deſire of enlarging it, remains inſenſible of the Happineſs it might procure him, is like a Man that ſets out about earneſt Buſineſs, and forgetting his Errand tires himhimſelf to no purpoſe. I count the Degrees of Felicity to be had on Earth ſo Conſiderable, that I would allow every body to Slave part of his Life to make the reſt more happy; but he that neglecting the Aim which can only juſtify his Labours, in the Purſuit of Happineſs falls in Love with the Chaſe, and Slavery itſelf muſt have a wretched Taſte of Pleaſure. What would you ſay of a Man that ſhould ſeem to be very Hungry, make great Proviſions, and be all the Day long a Dreſſing of his Victuals, if after all his Care and Trouble he went to Bed without his Supper? And is he leſs Ridiculous that ſeeming to have great occaſion for Money, hunts after it with uncommon eagerneſs, and yet makes no uſe of it when he has got it?

This Afternoon I was at my Siſter *Arteſia*'s, in whoſe Drawing-Room the People I juſt now ſpoke of, were the Subject of our Diſcourſe. The Character of *Laborio*, which ſhe gave us in her laſt was the occaſion: Several were very well pleaſed with the good humour'd Old Gentleman, eſpecially a Young Lady, who very heartily wiſh'd him to be her Uncle, inſtead of an Old Miſerly Fellow almoſt as Rich as *Laborio*, that gave her nothing all the Year long but one poor Broad Piece at *Chriſtmas*, which ſhe ſaid, he never could part with out of his Hand, under half an Hours Lecture upon good Houſwif'ry, and the Damnable Sin of Extravagancy. We all laugh'd at the Earneſtneſs ſhe ſpoke it with, when a Gentleman that has lived ſome Years in *Turky* told her; 'Indeed 'Madam, I could wiſh to be his Nephew too, but I 'can't help diſliking his Fancy; for let it be who it 'will, he that inſtead of getting an Eſtate to Live, 'only lives in order to get an Eſtate, muſt have a ve'ry depraved Palate, or elſe no reliſh at all in ſwal'lowing that down for the Pleaſure that in reality is 'the Toil of Life.—I thought his Notion very Juſt, and from it took the hint of all I have ſaid before upon that Matter.—Having made ſome other Remarks upon the ſame Character he continued thus: 'Tho' I 'can't (ſaid he) approve of the Choice of his Happi'neſs, yet among the Lovers of getting Money that 'make no uſe of it themſelves, of which we have 'abundance in this Trading City, he would make the 'handſomeſt Figure I know, and we have but few 'that can boaſt of *Laborio*'s good Qualities; he is li'beral to his Nephew, a good Pay-Maſter to all, and 'a generous Fair Dealer that Trades within Compaſs 'of his Stock; he is not one of thoſe Avaricious Hunks 'that hoard Money only to make it ſcarce, and have 'no other Reaſon of Coveting it than that others 'ſhould want it; and yet theſe are not ſo deſtructive 'to the Publick as thoſe greedy Cormorants, of which 'we have ſo many, that ſnapping at all would en'groſs every Thing, and was it poſſible devour Trade 'itſelf: Far indeed from hoarding the Coin, theſe are 'ſeldom many Hours Maſters of any; not that they 'love it leſs, but becauſe they employ it more; for 'tho' they are always ſorry that they cannot lay out 'the ſame Money a hundred ſeveral ways, yet they 'ſo much adore it, that if they could but once be 'ſatisfy'd of its Ubiquity, as well as they think them'ſelves aſſured of the Omnipotence of it, they'd have 'no other God. I wiſh I could once ſee them laſh'd 'as they deſerve it, by ſome ſevere and skilful Hand, 'that likewiſe might detect the Cunning Frauds, con'ceal'd Oppreſſions, and other hidden Crimes of all

'thoſe

‘ thoſe Compendious Dealers that think the common
‘ Roads of Honeſty and warrantable Trade to Riches
‘ are too tedious, and cut out nearer ways; not to
‘ forget Adventurers, Projectors and Statute-mongers.
—— Not underſtanding the Signification of the laſt Word, I ask'd him what it meant, to which he anſwer'd thus:

‘ A Statute-monger is one that truſts People in
‘ hopes they may break, and aſſiſts no body but with
‘ a proſpect of ruining him: But every body not be-
‘ ing qualify'd for this Calling, I ſhall tell you the
‘ Ingredients, that of Neceſſity muſt enter the Compo-
‘ ſition of this unaccountable Creature. Firſt, he muſt
‘ be a Crafty and Sagacious Fellow, that both loves
‘ and underſtands Buſineſs: Secondly, a general Mer-
‘ chant, that is either worth Money of his own, or
‘ elſe has a great deal of Credit: Thirdly, he muſt
‘ pretend to abundance of Religion, Honour, Conſci-
‘ ence, and Commiſeration upon the Unfortunate, yet
‘ be perfectly clear of all, eſpecially the laſt of 'em,
‘ or he is undone for ever. Being thus equipt, he
‘ looks out for his Prey, and having inſinuated him-
‘ ſelf by ſome ſeemingly kind Action ſufficiently to
‘ engage his Man, he preſently ſhews his cloven Foot,
‘ and makes every body ruine himſelf in his own
‘ way: To a Vintner he gives prick'd, decay'd, or o-
‘ ther Unmerchantable Wines, to a Scarlet Dyer he
‘ gives damag'd Cochineal if there be any ſtirring;
‘ others he lets have Cloth, Silk, Wool; no Trade
‘ comes amiſs to him. His Contracts are made thus:
‘ Whatever is binding upon you is carefully writ and
‘ atteſted, but all the Promiſes made in your Favour
‘ are only Verbal; but becauſe every body is not to
‘ be bubbl'd, for fear of the worſt he takes care to
‘ have not only an Attorney but likewiſe a Counſel-
‘ lor in Ordinary, that are privy to all his Secrets:
‘ The firſt muſt be a Man of Buſineſs and Experience,
‘ that has ſo much the Reputation of being a cunning
‘ Fox, that a great many Attorneys don't care to be em-
‘ ploy'd againſt him: The latter ought to be a Man of
‘ quick Senſe, whoſe greateſt Practice as well as Con-
‘ verſation lies among Sharpers; one that often pleads
‘ their Cauſe, and has chiefly ſtudied the Villainous
‘ part of the Law: When once you have vented and
‘ put off as well as you could his bad Commodities,
‘ and by his Extortion are brought low, he'll ad-
‘ viſe you to take what you can of others, to uphold
‘ your Credit, or elſe if by a Miracle you Thrive,
‘ and growing weary of his Tyranny you threaten
‘ to Revolt: If your Condiiton be either of theſe,
‘ he immediately lays hold of the Opportunity, and
‘ preſents you with a Statute of Bankrupt, taking
‘ all in his Clutches; turns out Women and Children
‘ half Naked, with all the Barbarity imaginable. The
‘ Man that makes this his common Practice I call a
‘ Statute-monger. But that every body might know
‘ inorder to avoid theſe Devourers of Mankind, I'll
‘ give you a more particular Deſcription of a very
‘ Noted one.

‘ *Verſailles* is a Man of a clear Head-piece, and an
‘ admirable Tongue, an Atheiſt in his Heart, and in
‘ appearance a great Stickler for the ſober Party. There
‘ is a Company of Merchants, whence Tradeſmen are
‘ excluded, and none of that inferior Claſs are received
‘ among them, before firſt they have done Pennance
‘ in the appearance of Gentlemen for a conſiderable
‘ time, fix'd by the Company, to Air and Clear 'em
‘ from their Mechanick Scent. *Verſailles* having qua-
‘ lify'd himſelf the way I mention'd, and being ad-
‘ mitted here in purſuance of his Oath, that he wou'd
‘ not follow any one Mechanick Trade, ſets up a whole
‘ ſet of them, all ſubſervient to one another, within
‘ the Sound of *Bow-Bell*. He is Courteous and Affa-
‘ ble to every body but thoſe that are under his Laſh,
‘ and to them he's a Tyrant; but a Skilful Hypo-
‘ crite, that can wear a Candid Smile whilſt he has
‘ Poyſon in his Heart. There is no greater Artiſt to
‘ delay Payments, nor any one that has more ſhifting
‘ Tricks to put off Duns than himſelf. Whether he is
‘ worth any thing or nothing is a very great doubt, but
‘ 'tis generally Thought, that by that time one Knight
‘ has his own, and the Hackney Notes of another are
‘ paid, there will remain but little; he has Law-Suits
‘ by the Dozen, and is laviſh of his *Ready* in no-
‘ thing but to make them go forward. He is always
‘ in a Hurry, and perpetually looking for Money, which
‘ yet, it is a Riddle a Man ſhould want that has no
‘ Vices that require the ſpending of it, and is Guilty of
‘ moſt of all of 'em, that can aſſiſt in the getting it.

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